

## Beat the Heat by Carerra\_os

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**Summary:**

Day 18 Heatwave

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“It’s hot as fuck man surprised you’re not, Billy Hargrove in a shirt on the hottest day of the year who would have thought, you going all modest on me Billy? Oh what’s next? Are you going to start actually buttoning up, what will the mothers of Hawkins think!” Steve teases snorting at his own humor as he cranes his neck back, making it look even longer so he can smile up at Billy from the ground.

# **Beat the Heat**

## **Author's Note:**

Day Eighteen Heatwave from the Harringrove April Prompts

## **Beat the Heat**

“It’s fucking hot.” Billy complains, letting himself into Steve’s house without knocking.

He uses the key Steve gave him a month into their friendship, with a little “So you always have a safe place to go” and Billy had been in lust before but after that Billy cannot look at Steve without love trying to grow behind his ribs. He ignores it as best he can, Steve is straight no point in pining for a straight boy but he is also one of the sweetest people Billy has ever met and sometimes he just cannot help it.

Billy hears the clank of shifting ice from the kitchen, it is just as hot here as it was in his own home, power out all over Hawkins on the hottest day of the year and no one has air. He does not know why he thought Steve’s house would be any different maybe because his parents are rich but if he is being honest with himself he just wanted to come see Steve, he always wants to see Steve. He walks into the kitchen and his mouth promptly falls open, he did not realize how much he would get to see of Steve today.

Steve is bent over in front of a cooler on the floor by the fridge, pulling a bottle out from the ice naked, he is completely naked. His skin is just as pretty and spotted as Billy remembers from peaks in the school showers, a little shiny from the thin layer of sweat covering

him and Billy's mouth is dry as he snaps it shut, eyes finding a different spot than the curve of Steve's ass to stare at before he can be caught gawking.

"Hey big guy" Steve greets like his dick is not out for anyone to see, for Billy to see, swinging as he moves over to the cabinet and gets himself a glass. "You want something to drink? Bet you're thirsty."

Billy goes cherry determinedly not dropping his eyes below Steve's shoulders as he choke out a "What?"

"Do you have heat stroke?" Steve asks, moving closer and it takes all of Billy's self-control not to dart away or move in closer, his brain is at war with itself. "You look flushed," Steve says, moving closer, hand out with intent and Billy dodges it and moves over to rummage through the lukewarm fridge grabbing a beer. "You should probably drink some water." Steve says with a tight lipped look as he moves back over to the counter pouring half of the water bottle into a cup before bending and settling it back into the cooler.

Billy feels Steve's eyes on him as he chugs half the beer before Steve takes his glass and moves out of the kitchen "Come one I got fans set up in the living room, after the heatwave that hit last year Dustin made me this tiny generator so I can at least keep a little cool." Steve rambles, Billy following after him, trying to keep his eyes off his naked ass.

"Why are you naked?" Billy finally blurts out as he watches Steve flop down onto the carpet in front of two box fans, not a hint of shame and why would he be ashamed he is beautiful and Billy wants to lick the sweat from his body.

“It’s hot as fuck man surprised you’re not, Billy Hargrove in a shirt on the hottest day of the year who would have thought, you going all modest on me Billy? Oh what’s next? Are you going to start actually buttoning up, what will the mothers of Hawkins think!” Steve teases snorting at his own humor as he cranes his neck back, making it look even longer so he can smile up at Billy from the ground.

“Shut up.” Billy has his nose scrunched up as he pokes at Steve with the toe of his sandal before he is stripping not above being baited into nakedness. His clothes started sticking the moment he pulled them on so even though it is just a silly floral themed button up, one Steve got him for his birthday and some shorts, it is still a relief to pull them off. He tosses them over toward the couch, kicking his flip flops in the same direction before settling down next to Steve in front of the fan.

“See better.” Steve says it with a little nod as he brings his arms up to fold under his head as he relaxes like he might take a nap all stretched out and pretty right next to Billy. Billy is still uncomfortably hot, the heat in his belly not helping and he does not know how Steve can stand it.

“It’s still to fucking hot.” Billy complains eyeing the covered pool he can see through the open sliding glass door, there is hardly a breeze to make it worth keeping it open and Billy knows getting in that pool would be like getting in a hot bath today. He misses the California ocean, the breeze, and just California in general it never got this hot there, he has never felt so dried out. He leans up on his elbows and downs the rest of his beer as Steve cracks an eye open.

“I’m sure that’s helping.” Steve says obviously talking about the beer

and Billy crushes the can and tosses it on his belly “Keep it up and I’m not going to help you out.” Steve says tight lipped and squinting as Billy rolls to his stomach, pillowing his head on his arms.

“Yeah you got something that will actually help?” He asks, flicking the beer can from where it is still sitting on Steve’s belly, it flies a few feet and hits the stone in front of the fireplace with a clang.

Steve smiles at him and it makes Billy’s gut flutter “I got an idea.” Steve moves to get up, body close and Billy can see each muscle stretch as he moves, heat in his belly at how close Steve’s ass is to his face before he twist and his dick is right there and for one brief hopeful dick hardening moment Billy thinks he is about to suggest something lude. Steve’s hand lands on his head, making his mouth dry and then Steve pushes down using him to stand and Billy is going to kill him as his nose barely misses getting smashed against his arms.

Steve is laughing as Billy swats at his ankle “You’re a dick Harrington.” He still turns and watches Steve as he leaves the room, quickly turning away with a flush as Steve glances back. Billy lays there trying to get his dick to calm back down, to no avail turning to look out the open door.

Steve had knocked the fence down a while back, Billy found him out there taking an axe to it muttering about feeling trapped and it is not as if his parents are ever home to complain about it. Billy had just gone to the garage and found a crow bar and started helping him dismantle the thing, had helped Steve plant a little garden in the now open space a few weeks later, it looks half dead in the heat today.

Billy jumps at the first cold wet touch caught off guard as Steve

giggles above him, he hadn't noticed him come back, his feet are planted on either side of Billy's hips as he drags an ice cube down his spine. "Dick" Billy mutters, sighing as Steve slides it up and leaves it melting at the base of his neck.

"Keep it up and I'm going to just keep the rest for myself." Steve says and Billy twists his neck to look up at Steve bent at the waist, a bowl of ice in one hand.

"No, no keep going, pretty boy." Billy says quickly, the ice already melted to a puddle on his overheated skin.

"What's the magic word?" Steve asks, teasingly grinning down at Billy.

Billy gives a great suffering sigh as he rolls his eyes, finding the whole thing unfairly attractive. "Please." He finally puffs out after a long moment and is immediately rewarded with Steve dragging another ice cube along his body, this time over his shoulders and Billy relaxes under it.

"Good boy." It is like Steve is trying to kill him, it makes Billy's dick kick where it is hard between his belly and the carpet and he prays his sweat is enough to keep any pre from staining. Billy sucks in a deep breath and tries to will his boner away again and it does not work any better than it did last time. Steve trails ice up and down his back, catching all the skin on one pass or another. "Need more ice, be back in a minute." He says once the bowl is empty and Billy is still hard but it is a low grade sort of thing, nothing pressing, just a constant hum.

Steve comes back and he is once again standing over Billy, leaning down with a new ice cube when he says. "Okay this is actually starting to hurt my back." Billy does not want him to stop, wants him to keep dragging half melted ice cubes over his back, he would definitely not mind if Steve decided to drag them other places too.

"Then sit down" Billy is not expecting him to sit down on him, the feel of Steve's round ass slick with sweat settling down on his own, it is a lot, thighs framing his hips and Billy chokes on his own spit as Steve just acts like his naked flesh is not pressed right against Billy's, like he is not breaking Billy's brain and making his dick throb as he starts sliding ice up and down his back, trailing over his ribs. Billy has to bite his own hand to keep from letting out any noises that might give away how turned on he is right now.

Billy suffers and enjoys another five minutes of this before Steve asks "Can you pass me my water?" Billy reaches out for it, stretching as far as he can but the glass is too far away, the tip of his longest finger can just barely brush it. "Guess I'll have to make do with this then." Billy does not know what this is until Steve leans down and suddenly there is a hot tongue lapping water and sweat from his skin and Billy is pretty sure his brain is short circuiting.

"Refreshing." Steve whispers, licking a line over the knobs of Billy's spine from his shoulder blades to the base of his neck, hips shifting and suddenly more of Steve is pressed against him. Billy can't help it, lets out a moan at the feel of Steve's dick sliding against the swell of his ass, tip sliding sticky with more than sweat against the small of his back, hard and leaking and holy shit.

"Pretty boy, what do you think you're doing?" Billy asks because he cannot just assume this is intentional, has to make sure, has to know that boner is for him.

“Well I got tired of waiting for you to make a move so I figured I’d give it a try, how am I doing?” Steve asks cheekily, giving Billy’s shoulder nip and Billy can hardly believe it, it is for him.

“Pretty fucking good, now let me roll over.” Billy demands, he wants to touch, has wanted to touch for so long, he cannot wait any longer knowing he does not have to. Steve lifts up just enough to let him and Billy catches his hips before he settles back down, makes sure their dicks are pressed together, Steve settles back a little farther, more of his weight on Billy’s thighs and they both let out a moan. “How long have you known?”

“First time you crashed in my bed. Did you know you talk in your sleep?” Steve asks, leaning down, resting an arm by Billy’s head as he shifts, the sweat covering the both of them making the slide easy as he rubs their dicks together. Billy flushes, he has not done that since he was a kid, has not slept soundly enough for it since his mom left and he should have known something like that might happen, far too comfortable around Steve. “It’s cute.” Steve says grinning down at him all sweet and soft like they are not in the middle of rutting together all covered in sweat and okay maybe he has been the right amount of comfortable around Steve, because Billy does not know if he ever would have made a move.

“You’re cute.” Billy says, one hand staying on Steve’s hip urging him to move a little faster, the other hand reaching for the bowl of half melted ice, bringing one up and dragging it over Steve’s chest, his nipple beading up at the sudden cold.

“I know” Steve moans out and bends closer until he can press their lips together, Billy abandons the ice cube letting it fall between them



and melt on his own chest as he curls a hand around Steve's neck keeping him close. "You're pretty cute yourself." Steve says, smiling against Billy's mouth turning into a little o as he moans when Billy bucks up against him, plants a foot so he can use it to add to their momentum.

They keep kissing and panting against each other's mouths, more sweat building on their skin from the exertion and the heat, the fans doing nothing not even managing to blow their hair matted down with too much sweat now. They are both close, heat building and building, Billy's been waiting for this for so long he does not know how he has managed to not explode sooner. One of Steve's hands disappears from his view and the next thing Billy knows it is cool and wet and wrapping around the both of them.

Billy spills immediately, not even a stroke and he is spilling hot cum all over Steve's cool hand, Steve not far behind him, only a few cool strokes and he spills just as hotly against their stomachs. They keep kissing Steve letting his weight settle down fully against Billy as they make out lazily in the scorching Indiana heat, cum gooey and sticky between them.

"How about we go take a cold shower, clean up and get a reprieve from this fucking heat?" Billy asks, the heat becoming too much but he does not want to let Steve go even with the gross mess they are right now.

"Yeah come on, we are disgusting." Steve says it like he is just registering all the sweat and cum on them, nose scrunched up cutely and Billy pulls him down for another kiss before letting Steve drag him up to the bathroom.

**-End**

**Author's Note:**

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